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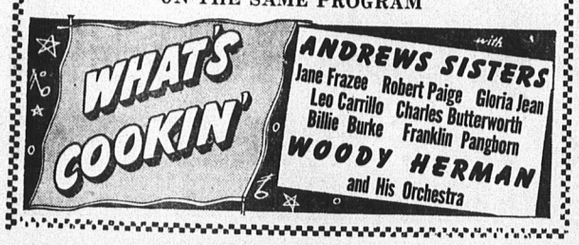

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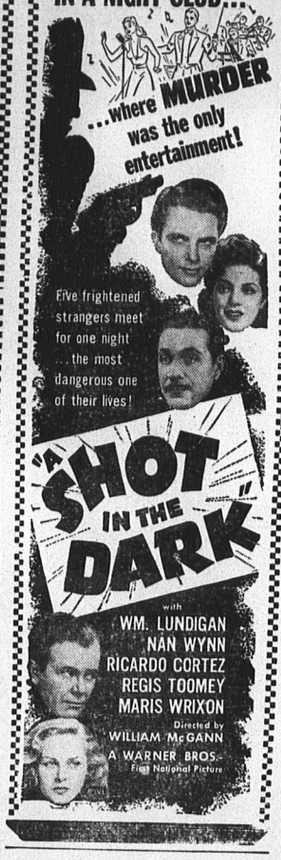

HOUSE OF HATE

By Isabel Garland

CHAPTER IV

Serena could not sleep. The bed was hard and her pillow was overstuffed and unyielding. Paul had dropped asleep almost immediately, but Serena lay staring into the darkness.

She was worried about that incident on the porch—could not forget Mrs. Comstock's expression of contempt. What must she do—remain silent or explain? What explanation could she give except that Chad had tried to kiss her against her will? Surely, Mrs. Comstock had seen that she tried to push him away—that she was not to blame. And yet, the woman's thin lips had smiled so strangely when she later bade her a formal good night.

Dawn was approaching before Serena finally slumbered. . . .

She awoke to find Paul gone and the room blazing with sunshine. A glance at the clock made her leap from the bed and start flinging on her clothes. She waived all the minor details of her morning toilette, fearful lest her mother-in-law would be annoyed by her tardiness in reaching the breakfast table.

Racing downstairs, she was breathless as she entered the breakfast room. Mrs. Comstock, erect and trim in a black silk dress, sat at the head of the table, pouring coffee from a silver pot. Paul slouched in his chair opposite her. A middle-aged woman, in a gray uniform that repeated the grayness of her hair and face, was passing scrambled eggs.

As Serena slipped into her chair, with an apology for oversleeping, she could feel the waitress' eyes upon her, boring into the back of her head.

"Advent," said Mrs. Comstock crisply, "Mrs. Paul has come down at last. Please bring in her fruit juice."

"I'm terribly sorry —" Serena began.

"Nothing is more futile than apology, Serena. Please try not to be late again. The whole routine of the household is disorganized when any of its members are thoughtless. Will you have your coffee now?"

"Yes, please." Serena felt anger surging within her, but Poul, catching her eye, shook his head warningly.

"By the way, darling," he said casually, "I forgot to introduce you to the general factotum, Mrs. Advent Thurber. She's a darn good cook. How about some more eggs, Mother?"

"You have had more than your share, Paul," his mother said. "One egg apiece is all that we allow ourselves for breakfast."

"You may have mine, Paul," Serena put in. "I'm not hungry."

Mrs. Comstock looked at her with disapproval. "No, Serena. My children were brought up to eat whatever was set before them."

"Really?"

Serena lifted her coffee cup. I mustn't let her get under my skin, she told herself fiercely. I mustn't! I've got to make her like me — trust me.

With sickening clarity, the vision of her mother-in-law's expression the previous night returned to her. During those long, sleepless hours she had come to the resolve that she must make some attempt to clear up the misunderstanding at once. Oh, what had possessed Chad anyway?

Paul rose from the table. "Well, so long, kitten," he said and patted his wife's shoulder. "The Merry Farmer's about to buckle down to the ploughshare. See you at lunch."

Serena caught hold of his hand. "Where are you going, darling? Can't you do it later? We ought to drive down to the village and see about our trunks——"

"Thurber will drive you to the village, Serena," Mrs. Comstock said. "Paul has taken over the management of the estate, you must remember. He will have very little leisure, I'm afraid. Certainly he cannot take the time this morning for a trip to Truedale. . . . Manders is waiting for you at the barn, Paul. I wish you'd go into the matter of the silo at once. The man is a perfect moron. You will have to keep after him every minute. I'll go with you to the door."

Serena dropped Paul's hand and sank back into her chair. After all, Paul had agreed to run the farm and couldn't really be expected to play hookey the first day. The day stretched before her in hours and hours of monotony. What would she ever do with herself?

There were thirty-two little tables scattered about the music room and the drawing room — and each one supported a collection of bric - a - brac. As Serena received her orders for the morning, she realized that she need not have worried over how she was going to pass the time. It would take the better part of the forenoon to dust the drawing room alone. Then there were the lamps to be cleaned and filled, and fifteen or so silver vases to be taken to the butler's pantry, polished, the water changed and the blooms replaced.

"You will find the flower garden out behind the house, Serena," said Mrs. Comstock, seated at her desk in her room. "I hope you have some talent for floral arrangement. Estelle is impossible and Leona is worse. I myself haven't the time. Cut long stems, please, and not too many in each vase. When you've attended to that, you might join Estelle and Leona in the upstairs work. That is all."

Serena lingered in the doorway. The tone was obviously dismissal, but she had resolved that her explanations must be made as soon as possible.

"Mrs. Comstock——"

The older woman glanced up from a list she was making and frowned. "What is it, Serena? Don't stand there wasting my time. If you have anything to say, let's hear it, please."

"It's just this—" Serena's hands were clenched, but she held her head high. "I don't know what you thought when you came out on the porch last night, but——"

"I thought I saw a very pretty girl in the arms of her husband's brother. I also thought that my son's wife was showing respect neither for her husband nor for his mother."

"You are unjust, Mrs. Comstock. What happened was not my fault. I was very unhappy about it."

Mrs. Comstock laughed shortly. "My dear Serena, a woman has it in her power to provoke or discourage such a situation. I anticipated some such denouement when I saw Chadwick monopolizing you at dinner. When he offered himself as your companion of the evening as well, I was sure of it." She fixed her narrowed, unrelenting eyes on the girl's flushed face. "You are very pretty, Serena. My boys are both impressionable and hot-blooded. I beg you to bear that in mind. You have it in your power to bring appalling consequences or to guard against them. I trust to your good sense. And now, if you will pardon me —" She turned back pointedly to her papers.

Serena without another word, fled.

Out under the hot sun, knee-deep in autumn flowers, she felt better. A city child, she had never seen such profusion of bloom. Great waves of russet chrysanthemums bent their ragged heads under the wind. Asters, shading from palest pink to royal purple, tangled themselves in a swath of color. Zinnias, stiffly respendent, tiger-lillies, golden rod clamored for attention.

Her arms heaped high, she turned back toward the house and catching sight of its gray bulk rearing skyward, she felt its chill.

"Abandon hope all ye who enter here." In spite of the flooding warmth of sunlight, Serena remembered and shivered. . . .

(To be Continued)

"This Is Your Telephone Operator Speaking"

"I have a message of interest to all telephone users in Charlottetown. It is this: Up to the present time I have been able to give you the correct time regardless of the hour you called in the day or night. This type of information was discontinued long ago by other Telephone Companies in Canada and the United States.

"Our work since the start of the war has greatly increased and has reached the point where we too must discontinue any time service.

"I am sure you telephone users in Charlottetown will understand. So after May 23, please do not request the time as I am unable to give it. Thank you."

THE ISLAND TELEPHONE COMPANY LIMITED.

In Memoriam

R. MARK HANDRAHAN

Tignish lost one of its most highly esteemed residents in the sudden passing on April 9th of Mr. Mark Handrahan. He had not been in good health for several months, but there was no reason to believe that his condition was critical or that he was in imminent danger. His death came as a crushing blow to his family and to his many friends. Mr. Handrahan, who was 73 years old, was born in Tignish son of Mr. and Mrs. John Handrahan. He was a devoted husband and father and will be sadly missed in his home.

He was a progressive farmer and was President of the Tignish and Palmer Road Dairying Association until his resignation three years ago.

Left to mourn are, his wife, formerly, Katherine Ready one son, Gerald, manager of Tignish Co-operative, Irma, Rev. Sister Saint Mary Irma C. N. D. at Tignish, Kathleen, Mrs. Maxwell McInnis Margaret, teacher at Christopher's Cross School and seven grandchildren, two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Kinch, Tignish; Mrs. Emily Baker, Reabody Mass. two brothers, Well and Austin, Tignish.

The funeral which was largely attended was held at St. Simon and St. Jude Church on Saturday, April 11th, at 10 o'clock where Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Reverend John A. MacDonald assisted by Rev. Patrick Walsh as Deacon and Rev. William Simpson, sub-deacon.

The pall-bearers were: John Harper, Joseph B. Morrissey, Patrick Horgan, Howard McHugh, Michael Bernard and Ray Handrahan. The many Mass cards and messages of sympathy show the esteem in which he was held.

The sympathy of the community is extended to his bereaved family and to his many friends.

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SATURDAY, MAY 16

P. M.
5.15 'London Calling.'
5.30 Variety. Geraldo and His Orchestra.
6.00 'Marching On!' Topical Feature Program.
6.30 War Review:
6.40 'Listening Post.'
6.45 The News and News Analysis
7.00 'Calling the West Indies:' Newsletter and Postscript.
7.15 News in French.
7.30 'Canada Calls from London' (in collaboration with CBC): 'Gentlemen with Wings.'
7.55 Musical Interlude.
8.00 'Off the Record.' presented by Stanley Maxted.
8.15 'London Calling.'
8.30 'Britain Speaks.'
8.45 'Scottish Clans.' Clan Fraser
9.00 Headline News and Views.
P. M.
9.15 Weekly Visit to the American Eagle Club, with Harry Roy and his Band).
9.45 'The Voice of the Enemy.' Talk by W. A. Sinclair.
9.55 Musical Interlude.
10.00 'Tomm Handley's Half-Hour).
10.30 'London Calling.'
10.40 The Daily Service.
10.45 The News).
10.50 'Listening Post.'
11.00 'Our Music Lives:' Norway.
11.15 'Britain Speaks.'
11.30 Radio News-Reel.
A. M.
12.00 'Scottish Clans.' (Repeat)
12.15 'Off the Record.' (Repeat)
12.30 The News
12.45 Close down.

- NEWSY NOTES -

By AGRICOLA

A TERRIBLE TRIP

Britain has had three bad winters in a row they say 1941-2 being last in the sequence. Naturally the weather was worse the further north it got, and around March 5th, 1942, Northumberland was in the grip of a blizzard. At it happened, this was the day chosen for testing out some partly-built tanks on the moors that run up to the Pennine Chain, which, as you know is "the backbone of England". The tanks were tken out for a gruelling test before fixing them up for the Army, and I judge it was the running gear that got the most testing.

There was a London War Correspondent up in the North at the time, and not knowing the temper of our bleak moorlands, he managed to persuade a bunch of reporters, 33 strong, to go out with him to see the test. They hired a "coach" (or bus), and started out.

As they left town—the censor has struck out its name—it began to snow. Influenced by the Gulf Stream, the snow in the British Isles is very unlike our crisp hard snow, but is a woolly, clinging substance that soon slows up the wheels. The party, however, drove thirty miles till the bus stuck solid with the snow up to the windows. Some of the passengers jumped out, thinking they could push but instead they had to be helped back into the bus.

The tanks gave up the idea of testing, and two of them came back on the road where the bus was stranded. One of them hauled the bus out of the drift, and its commander, a captain, told the occupants: "Well, gentlemen, another two hours and this coach will be covered up. If you stay it would take three days to get help to you if this weather holds. I can take you back on my two tanks, but it will be the worst thing you have ever known. You'll just have to lie on top, hang on to anything you can find, and hope for the best." The wind was now almost strong enough to halt the men but they reached the tanks and climbed aboard, 17 men to each tank. All lay down for there was nothing to take hold of, and off went the tanks, with the snow up to the top of the tracks or threads, at 8 p.m.h. into the face of the blizzard. The first five minutes going made the party believe they'd never last another five minutes. The London man had on an Army greatcoat and tunic, and the wind went through them as if they had been muslin. He had closed his eyes, and the lashes froze together so that he couldn't open them. His hands and feet seemed as if they didn't belong to him. Luckily for the party there was a hotel (or pub) 14 miles from where they were first stranded, so that they had only 100 minutes of a most unpleasant trip. Most of the party had to be lifted from the top of the tank, as they had no power in their limbs. They were not allowed to go into the warmth of the hotel till they had exercised and eased their legs and arms inch by inch.

"A snowflake is weak in itself," says a writer in my old School Reader, "but in multitudes it is omnipotent. These terrible crystals have stayed the marches of conquerors and broken the strength of empires." Now that the war correspondents have seen what Northumbrian snow can do, they will agree that the above quotation is not an over-statement.

The Anvil Epitaph.

Letters like the following are one of the rewards that now and then come my way; it is from Bedeque and is much appreciated. "Dear Agricola," it runs, "Your Newsy Notes in The Guardian are very interesting to me as I have been a lifelong student of nature.

However it is your recent reference to "Old Epitaphs" that has prompted me to write you this note. You may be interested to know that the Anvil Epitaph which you wrote may be seen in St. Andrew's churchyard, Shotleyfield, a'so appears on a tombstone in the North Bedeque Cemetery which is near where the Dunk River debouches into Bedeque Bay.

Trusting that your Notes may long continue to be published in The Guardian, I am, Sincerely Yours, J. Harrison MacFarlane."

It was Julius Caesar who first remarked the custom of the Britons of his time, who being Belgic colonists, gave the names of their old homes to the places where they settled in Britain. That custom has come down through the ages, and is particularly noticeable in our own Island. It is doubly interesting to learn from Mr. MacFarlane's letter, that our people brought their epitaphs too! The Shotleyfield epitaph was incorrect in its grammar: does the Bedeque epitaph show any peculiarities? I should be gratified if Mr. Harrison would, at some future time, forward the complete inscription, with name and date. Other questions are: where is the oldest tombstone on the Island and whom does it commemorate? Are there any others with remarkable inscriptions?

The early white inhabitants of the U.S.A., despite their rugged and somewhat dour looks, must have been fellows of infinite humor, if one may judge from the sepulchral inscriptions they thought up. I have several collections of epitaphs from that quarter, all accredited to various towns; but some have such a comic slant that I doubt their authenticity. At Burlington, Mass, there is said to be a stone reading as follows:

Ira Prentice
Deceased, July 20, 1819
in ye 9th year of his age.
He died of cholera morbus
caused by eating green fruit
in the certain hope of a
blessed immortality.

Reader go thou and do likewise. Though the wording is odd it was not therefore intended to be humorous; its object seems to be a warning against eating green fruit.

This malicious inscription is said to be in a churchyard at Catonsville, Maryland:—

George Schwanky
who died, Jan. 5, 1795 aged 61
Here lies old 33 percent.
The more he made the more he lent
The more he got the more he craved
The more he made the more he shaved
Great God! should such
a soul be saved?

The "shaving" mentioned there was an old-time transaction with promissory notes; I imagine that it was something in the way of extortion.

This subject is not nearly exhausted and I hope to resume it in the near-future.

Hog Production

OTTAWA, May 13 — (CP)—An estimated 35-per-cent increase in hog marketings will be necessary in the next 21 weeks compared with the same period last year if Canada is to fulfill her contractual obligation to ship 600,000,000 pounds of bacon to Britain in 1941-42 and the full allowance for domestic consumption is used, the bacon board announced today.

It will be "close figuring at best," the board said, to supply the contracted amount by next October. It urged the public to restrict consumption of pork products and producers to assure every market hog "is up to good weight" before being marketed.

In the 21 weeks the contract has to run, higher marketings are expected in eastern Canada, although they have been running lower than last year. In the 31 weeks already elapsed hog marketings in eastern Canada were down 12 per cent.

On the theme of heavier hogs, the board said average dressed weight of all hogs slaughtered by exporting packers in the week ended April 25 was 159.8 pounds, about seven pounds higher than last year. This represented, the board said, about 900,000 pounds more bacon for Britain per week from the same number of hogs.

Nevada is a Spanish word meaning "snow clad."

(Continued from page 2)

turers, wholesalers and retailers, that none of these increases m be passed on to the consumer. other industries when it has pr ed impossible to absorb all t "squeeze" within the trade, Government has authorized sub dies in order that the price ceil may be maintained. The abo question is premised on the su stitution of glass for tin. In a case where this was carried there might be increased costs, a certain proportion of such creased costs would be negotia by the packing of such foodstu in larger size containers. Fru for instance could be sold in la glass jars and could be kept these jars, the householder tak required amounts from the jar needed. Tins could not be used this purpose. The packing of a commodity in large size contain reduces the amount of glass what ever the container is ma from) per ounce of food, hence duced cost.

FROM HITLER'S RETREA

KUIBYSHEV, Russia — (CP) Spring planting was reported have been delayed in the provin of Smolensk because Russian far ers had to bury numbers of Ge mans found dead in the fiel when the snow melted.

PLENTY TO BOMB

The Island of Malta is 122 squa miles in area.

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Do make up your mind if you are doing part or whole-time war-work, to cut your housework down to the minimum. Put away brass, copper and silver ornaments for the duration to save constant cleaning. If the room looks bare, a few bright pottery things can take their place, they don't need looking after. If you have a spare room in the house that isn't being used, put into it all the furniture you can really do without, most rooms are overcrowded with things all of which require dusting and polishing and shifting around. Enamel all brass taps in bathroom and kitchen to save cleaning, enamel brass stair rods to match or contrast with the stair-carpet. When washing up after a meal, lay the table for the next one with the clean dishes, it saves putting them away and taking them out again and a sheet of newspaper or an old sheet spread over them keeps the dust off.

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